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ing figure somewhere else. They work rapidly? Oh, yes. They must work rapidly and finish a great many of these things in a day, else how could "genuine oil paintings, painted upon canvas" be offered to the trade at "ten dollars a dozen, framed?" These men, however, from painting dozens of pictures of the same subjects acquire great facility and rapidity in their peculiar work. When these "pictures" are dry, they are put in frames made of a sawdust composition, pressed into shape, and "gilded" with Dutch-metal—a cheap imitation of gold, which, after a time, becomes black.

Ready for the market, the pictures are disposed of in various ways. Some are sent to auction rooms of a low class, here and in other cities; others go to picture dealers in the smaller cities and towns, and others still are "peddled" through the country. Who has not experienced meeting the regulation weather-beaten-looking creature with a huge picture under his arm which is "worth" an untold sum of money, but which the assumed "artist" is willing to dispose of at the merest fraction of its value, in order to save his extraordinarily large family from starving? Offering the picture with a sacrificial air for a large sum of money at the outset, the poor man finally begs you to make him an offer, and if you are so indiscreet as to offer him a very few dollars, you will speedily make a "permanent investment."

It is astonishing how many of these daubs are to be found scattered throughout the country. One often finds them where they apparently might be least expected, and sometimes it is embarrassing when one is called upon to admire such pictures—which have been bought at a high price—and is expected to praise them.

While these very cheap daubs need not necessarily be fraudulent, they usually are. Most of them are sloppy copies of works by well-known artists, and are signed by names resembling those of the artists. I have frequently seen in New York low-class auction rooms, daubs signed "Kenzitt" and "Gifforde"—manifestly copied from paintings by Kensett and Gifford, but copied so badly that no one who has ever seen works by these artists, would ever mistake them for more than vile imitations. But once in a while one who has never seen works by these artists and who does not know anything about art beyond the names of artists, except what he may have read in the newspapers, is inveigled into buying some of this trash. Acquiring it at a low price, he and his friends are led to believe that the works of real artists should cost no more. Thus the artists are damaged, as well as the buyers of the pictures, and the art interests of the country suffer from this, just as literary interests suffer from the publication of much of the vile reading matter that is afloat in these days.

There was for some time an auction room for the sale of "genuine oil paintings on real canvas," in Broadway, near the Grand Central Hotel. This establishment was stocked by a down-town factory whence were turned out some very daring and "ambitious" works. A few anecdotes concerning the methods of this institution may be given further on. Then a year or two ago, there was an almost similar place in Broadway near 28th Street, and even now there is a

periodical fictitious picture auction in Nassau Street, but it does not appear to be very heavily patronized just at present. It is true, the pictures usually all sell, but they sell for the most part as do some foreign pictures of my acquaintance that belong to a certain dealer. I first saw them, a year ago, in an uptown auction room in New York, where they were sold at fair prices—which were published in the newspapers. To my great surprise, I encountered some of these same pictures, or replicas of them, in Louisville and some also in Detroit last summer, still belonging to the same dealer. A few days ago, I found some of the same pictures in another dealer's art sale in New York. Next summer I fear I shall meet them again, if I leave the city. Somehow it seems hard to escape them.

In another paper will be given some anecdotes relating to the manufacture and sale of fictitious pictures in America.

ART IN PRINCETON COLLEGE.

THE growth in the Art interest of the people during the past few years has been something really remarkable, and it has come to be so that a certain amount of Art knowledge is considered almost as essential to the cultured lady or gentleman as a knowledge of general polite literature. In recognition of this fact, Art schools, of more or less value, are springing up all over the country, and even the older institutions of learning are beginning to realize the importance of the Fine Arts in liberal education, and are incorporating Art departments into their college courses.

Only a few evenings ago, Dr. McCosh, President of Princeton College, spoke thus at an alumni dinner:

"I believe that the Fine Arts should have a place in every advanced college. The highest American colleges now have Schools of Art. Our friends have come to the conclusion that if Princeton is to keep up with the other high colleges of the country, it must have such an institution. We have \$60,000 for the endowment of a professorship. Dr. Allen Marquand, the most distinguished scholar of his year in Princeton, and afterwards Fellow in Johns Hopkins University, has been appointed professor. Dr. W. C. Prime, gives his collection of pottery and porcelain, unequalled in this country, as soon as we provide a fire-proof building. The Directors of the school, who are the President of the College, Dr. W. C. Prime, Mr. H. G. Marquand, General McClellan, Mr. Jas. W. Alexander, Rev. Samuel Dod, Mr. Moses T. Pyne, and Mr. W. Earl Dodge, recommend that funds should be sought to erect the wing of an art building capable of being enlarged in future years, and that the school be opened formally in September next."

NEXT MONTH.

Owing to a pressure of other matter, an interesting article on the Schools of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, of Philadelphia, is held over for the April number of THE ART UNION.